



Swindley Lodge the Residence of the Master of the. Mayestys. Stag Hounds.

THE
10th Blackfriars
CHACE:

A P O E M.

BY WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, Esq.

EMBELLISHED WITH BEAUTIFUL PRINTS.

NEC TIBI CURA CANUM FUERIT POSTREMA.
VIRG. GEOR. III.

ROMANIS SOLENNE VIRIS OPUS, UTILE FAMÆ,
VITÆQUE, & MEMBRIS.
HOR. EP. XVIII. LIB. I.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY T. HENSHALL, No. 3, BRIDE STREET.

1799.

THE

CHANCE:

A FORM

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Esq.



THE CURATOR OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM,
VIZ. GEORGE S. CLARKE.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM,
VIZ. GEORGE S. CLARKE.

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PREFACE.

THE Old and Infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recall to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past pleasures with a satisfaction equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas to which any agreeable sensation is annex'd, are easily excited; as leaving behind them the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their Heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed sports and gaieties of life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,
 Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctanturâ aren :
 Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
 Armat procul currusque virûm miratur inanes.
 Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
 Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
 Armorunque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.

VIRG. Æneid. xi.

Part on the grassy Cirque their pliant Limbs
 In wrestling exercise, or on the Sands
 Struggling dispute the Prize. Part lead the ring,
 Or swells the Chorus with alternate Lays.
 The Chief their Arms admire, their empty Cars,
 Their Lances fix'd in Earth. The unharness'd steeds
 Graze unrestrain'd; Horses, and Cars and Arms,
 All the same fond desires, and pleasing cares,
 Still haunt their shades, and after death survive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious part of mankind) if, at my leisure hours, I run over, in my Elbow-chair, some of those chaces, which were once the Delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amusement. The result of these rambling Imaginations will be found in the following POEM; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myself, I shall have gained my end. I have intermix'd the preceptive parts with so many descriptions and digressions in the Georgic manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any Gentleman, who would enjoy this noble sport in full perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their Patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other Prose Writers upon this subject.

It is most certain that hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their future victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were Disciples of Hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny observes those who were designed for great Captains, were first taught *certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu*: to contest with the swiftest wild beasts, in speed; with the boldest in strength;

strength; with the most cunning in craft and subtilty. Plin. Panegy. And the Roman Emperors, in those monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the Glories of the Chace to their most celebrated triumphs. Neither were their Poets wanting to do justice to this heroic exercise. Besides that of Oppian in Greek, we have several Poems in Latin upon Hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid, as appears by this verse,

Ataque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

LIB. IV. PONT.

Gratius shall arm the Huntsman for the Chace.

But of his works only some fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Amongst these Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Gratius, tho' of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his first book is preserved. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgic, since it is expressly part of his subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses: and what he says of Dogs, relates wholly to Greyhounds and Mastiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossū.

GEORG. III.

The Grey-hound swift, and Mastiff's furious Breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. *Pasce Seropinguī.* He has, it is true, touch'd upon the Chace in the 4th and 7th Books of the *Æneid*. But it is evident that the art of hunting is very different now, from what it was in his days, and very much alter'd

alter'd and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplin'd pack of hounds; and therefore they must have pass'd for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster roll given us by Ovid, in his story of Actæon is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of *Pere de Mountfacon* taken from the sepulchre of Nasos, and the Arch of Constantine, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs following by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the Game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the *Odora canum vis*. Thus Nemesianus says,

Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.

They challenge on the Mead the recent Stains,
And trail the Hare unto her secret Form.

Oppian has a long Description of these Dogs in his first Book from Ver. 479 to 526. And here tho' he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent thro' many turnings and windings; yet he really says no more, than that of those hounds, which he says, finds out the game. For he follows the scent no further than that hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the Belles

Lettres

Lettres no body disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skill'd in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to follow the chase. It is therefore strange that none of our Poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our Poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope my Brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, Essay, will shew the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The Ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well skill'd in human nature. *Lib. de parvæ pilæ Exercitio.*

The gentlemen who are fond of a gingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short Preface before the Paradise Lost, Mr. Smith's poem in memory of his friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another opinion. For
my

my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me ; for I am humbly of opinion, that the Affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure

But I have done. I know the impatience of my Brethren when a fine day, and the consort of the Kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the Poem itself.

En age, Segnes,

Rumpe moras, vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron

Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum ;

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRG. Georg. III.

Hark, away,

Cast far behind the ling'ring Cares of Life.

Cithæron calls aloud, and in full Cry

Thy Hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains

For us the gen'rous Steed ; the Hunter's Shouts,

And chearing Cries, assenting Woods return.

THE
CHACE;

A POEM.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to his royal highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the Beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chace. A description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds, the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chace I sing, Hounds and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou, Great Prince!
Whom *Cambria's* tow'ring hills, proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive Song,
While grateful citizens with pompous shew,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy way with flow'rs, and as the royal youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;

B

While

While crouded theatres, too fondly proud
 Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
 The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
 And airs soft warbling, my hoarse-sounding horn
 Invites thee to the Chace, the sport of kings;
 Image of war without its guilt. The Muse
 Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
 Thy foamy coarser o'er the steepy rock,
 Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
 Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.

Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth!
 And if in future time some envious prince,
 Careless of right and guileful, shou'd invade
 Thy *Britain's* commerce, or should strive in vain
 To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;
 Thy hunter train in chearful green array'd,
 (A band undaunted and inur'd to toils)
 Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
 Or hew thy passage thro' th' embattled foe,
 And clear thy way to fame; inspir'd by thee
 The nobler chace of glory shall pursue
 Thro' fire and smoke, and blood and fields of death.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
 By just degrees to reach perfections height:
 So mimic art works leisurely, 'till time
 Improve the piece, or wise experience give
 The proper finishing. When *Nimrod* bold,
 That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
 And stain'd the wood-land green with purple dye,
 New and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;
 No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.

With

With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
 He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
 Untrain'd; Of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
 Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
 And scow'r the plains below; the trembling herd
 Start at th' unusual sound, and clam'rous shout
 Unheard before; surpriz'd, alas! to find
 Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord,
 But mild, and gentle, and by whom as yet
 Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
 Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood:
 Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill;
 Their rage licentious knows no bound; at last
 Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
 Upon their shoulders broad, the bleeding prey.
 Part on their altars smokes a sacrifice
 To that all-gracious pow'r, whose bounteous hand
 Supports his wide creation: what remains
 On living coals they broil, inelegant
 Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
 Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
 And strong necessity, thus first began
 The chace of beasts: Tho' bloody was the deed,
 Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
 Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race,
 Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
 Was granted him for food. So just is heav'n,
 To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after times
 Some few improvements made, but short as yet
 Of due perfection. In this Isle remote
 Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
 To arms devote of the politer arts

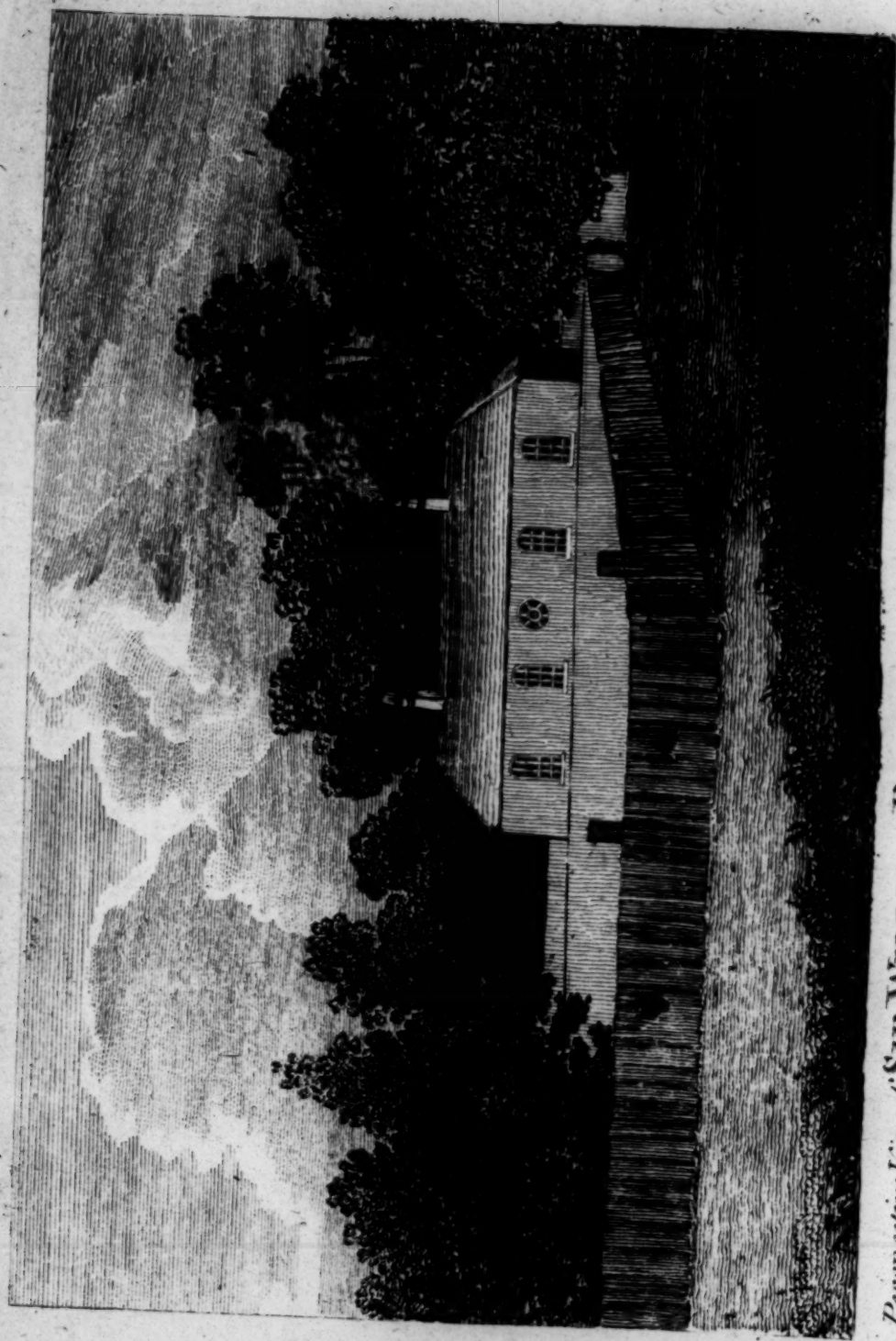
Nor skill'd nor studious; 'till from *Neustria's* coasts
 Victorious *William*, to more decent rules
 Subdu'd our *Saxon* fathers, taught to speak
 The proper dialect, with horn and voice
 To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
 His list'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
 From him successive huntsmen learn to join
 In bloody social leagues, the multitude
 Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various tribes,
 To rear, feed, hunt and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy *Britain*! highly favour'd isle,
 And heav'n's peculiar care! To thee 'tis given
 To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
 Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
 That bore the great *Pelides* thro' the press
 Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
 Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
 Cheerful his course; and ere his beams decline,
 Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued.
 In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
 Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
 As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
 Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
 In vain malignant steams, and winter fogs.
 Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts,
 The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
 Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
 In this delightful exercise to raise
 His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vig'rous youths, by smiling fortune blest
 With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
 Heap'd copious by our wise fore-fathers' care,

Hear

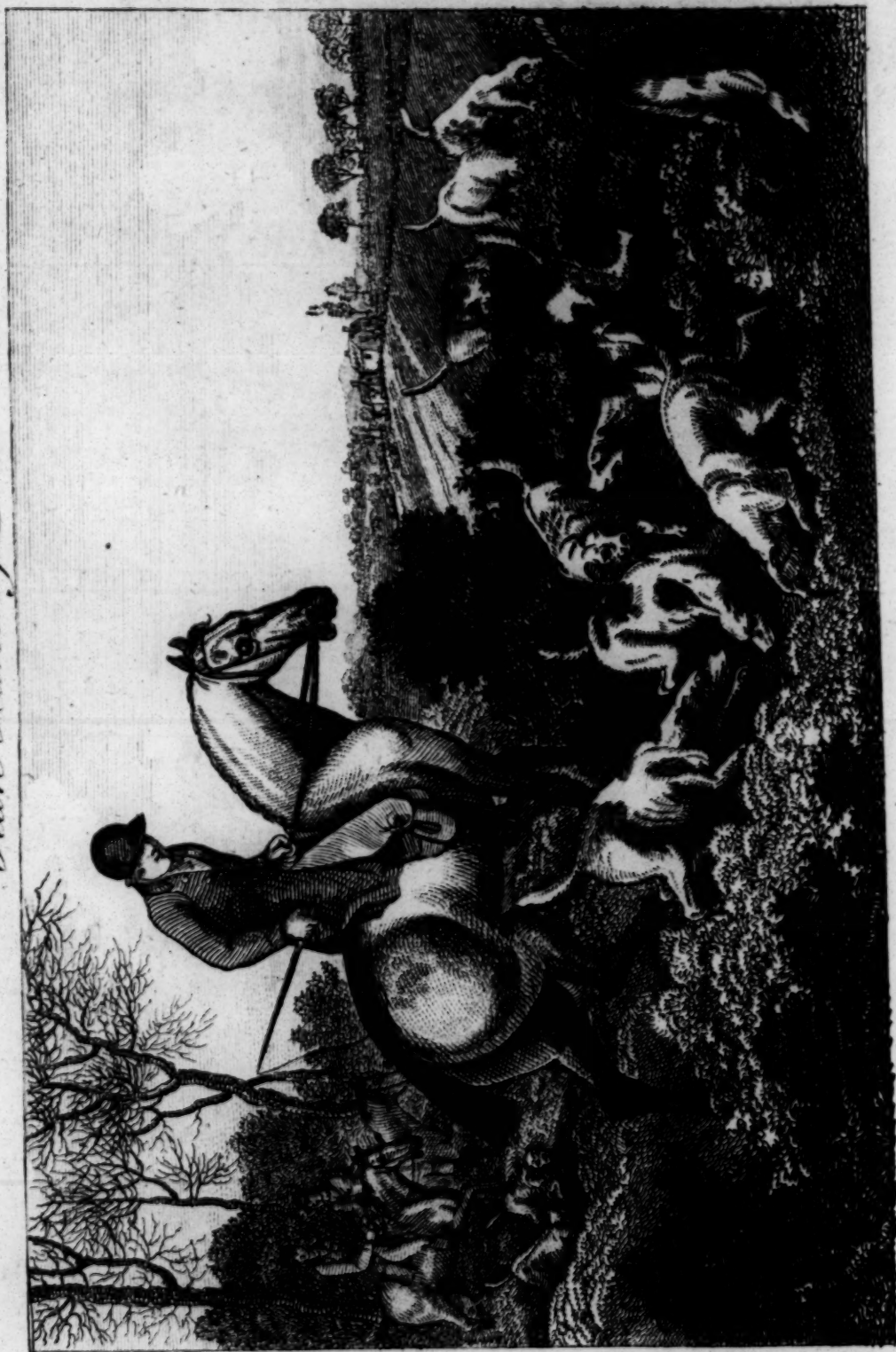




Perspective View of SIR WILLIAM ROWLEY'S DOG KENNEL at Lending Hall Suffolk



Hare Hunting Plate. 2nd.



TRYING FOR A HARE.

Hear and attend ! while I the means reveal
 T' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
 Too costly for the poor : To rein the steed
 Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
 Op'ning in consorts of harmonious joy,
 But breathing death. What tho' the gripe severe
 Of brazen-fisted time, and slow disease
 Creeping thro' every vein, and nerve unstrung,
 Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
 Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts
 Of angry *Jove* ; tho' blasted, yet unfallen ;
 Still can my soul in fancy's mirrour view
 Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene
 In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
 Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
 With hand and voice, and point the winding way :
 Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
 The poor disbanded vet'ran's sole delight.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
 Upon some little eminence erect,
 And fronting to the ruddy dawn ; its courts
 On either hand wide op'ning to receive
 The sun's all-chearing beams, when mild he shines,
 And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
 (Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch,
 And bask, in his invigorating ray :
 Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry lark,
 Forth rush the jolly clan ; with tuneful throats
 They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
 Salute the new born-day. For not alone
 The vegetable world, but men and brutes
 Own his reviving influence and joy
 At his approach. Fountain of Light ! if chance
 Some

Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
 In vain the muses aid, untouch'd unstrung,
 Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
 Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.

Let no *Corinthian* pillars prop the dome,
 A vain expence, on charitable deeds
 Better dispos'd, to cloath the tatter'd wretch,
 Who shrinks beneath a blast, to feed the poor
 Pinch'd with afflictive want: For use, not state,
 Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
 O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
 Bestrew the pavement and no half-pick'd bones,
 To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
 That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,
 And all his future triumphs must depend.
 Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
 Have lapp'd their smoaking viands, morn or eve,
 From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
 To wash thy court well-pav'd nor spare thy pains,
 For much to health will cleanliness avail.
 Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
 And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
 O'er greasy fallows, and frequented roads
 Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
 Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
 Invade thy wide inclosure but admit
 The nitrous air, and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care;
 In a large square th' adjacent field inclose,
 There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
 Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
 If at the bottom of thy spacious court,

A large canal fed by the crystal brook,
 From its transparent bosom shall reflect
 Thy downward structure and inverted grove.
 Here when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
 The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack
 Restless and faint, loll their unmoistened tongues,
 And drop their feeble tails ; to cooler shades
 Lead forth the panting tribe ; soon shalt thou find
 The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :
 Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
 There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
 Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
 From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
 And wild uproar torment the troubled flood :
 Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
 Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
 Courting around, pursuing and pursu'd,
 The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye,
 Attend their frolics, which too often end
 In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
 Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
 Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
 And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in sport
 Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,
 Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
 Each others throats, with teeth, and claws, in gore
 Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, 'till on the ground
 Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies :
 Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
 Loud-clam'ring seize the helpless worried wretch,
 And thirsting for his blood, drag diff'rent ways
 His mangled carcase on th' ensanguin'd plain.

Oh

Oh breasts of pity void ! t'oppress the weak,
 To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
 And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n !
 Emblem too just of man's degen'rate race.

Others apart by native instinct led,
 Knowing instructor ! 'mong the ranker grass
 Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
 Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
 Each vitious ferment. Thus the hand divine
 Of providence, beneficent and kind
 To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
 A ready remedy, and is himself
 Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,
 And many a painful chace, the wise old hound
 Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
 His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
 Beneath the bending shade ; there many a ring
 Runs o'er in dreams ; now on the doubtful foil
 Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
 Cautious unfolds then wing'd with all his speed,
 Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey,
 And in imperfect whimp'ring speaks his joy.

A diff'rent hound for every diff'rent chace
 Select with judgment ; not the tim'rous hare
 O'er-match'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
 To the mean, murd'rous coursing crew ; intent
 On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just heav'n !
 And all their painful drudgeries repay
 With disappointment and severe remorse.
 But husband thou thy pleasures and give scope
 To all her subtle play : By nature led
 A thousand shifts she tries ; t'unravel these

Th'

Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
 Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
 Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance blith,
 And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
 Salutes thee cowering his wide opening nose
 Upward he curls, and his large floe black eyes
 Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy;
 His glossy skin, or yellow-pied with blue,
 In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,
 Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
 Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
 Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
 O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
 On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
 His round cat-foot, strait hams, and wide spread thighs,
 And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
 His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
 Or far extended plain; in every part
 So well proportioned that the nicer skill
 Of *Phidias* himself can't blame thy choice.
 Of such compose thy pack: But here a mean
 Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
 Gigantick, he in the thick-woven covert
 Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
 Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: But if too small
 The pigmy brood in every furrow swims,
 Moil'd in the clogging clay panting they lag
 Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep
 Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring thorn.
 For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
 Will better answer all thy various ends,
 And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact,
 By his fixed standard forms in equal ranks

His gay battallion, as one man they move
 Step after step, their size the same, their arms
 Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze :
 Reviewing generals his merit own ;
 How regular ! how just ! and all his cares
 Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve.
 So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
 Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just applause.
 But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
 Of diff'rent kinds, discordant sound shall grate
 Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
 Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
 But if th' amphibious otter by the chace,
 Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns ;
 Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field
 Delight thy ravished ears ; the deep flew'd hound
 Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure ;
 Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head
 Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
 Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
 And shade the forests : The bold Talbot kind
 Of these the prime, as white as *Alpine* snows ;
 And great their use of old. Upon the banks
 Of *Tweed*, slow-winding, thro' the vale, the seat
 Of war and rapine once ere *Briton's* knew
 The sweets of peace ; or *Anna's* dread commands
 To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd
 There dwelt a pilf'ring race ; well-train'd and skill'd
 In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
 Their only substance, feuds and war their sport :
 Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent art
 Th' arch * felon was of old, who by the tail
 Drew back his lowing prize : In vain his wiles,

In

In vain the shelter of the cov'ring rock,
 In vain the footy cloud, the ruddy flames
 That issu'd from his mouth ; for soon he paid
 His forfeit life : A debt how justly due
 To wrong'd *Alcides*, and avenging heav'n !
 Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
 Then prolong far and near, whate'er they seize
 Becomes their prey ; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
 Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd doors
 Secure the fav'rite horse. Soon as the morn
 Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
 The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
 A thousand thronging curses burst their way :
 He calls his stout allies, and in a line
 His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
 That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers :
 Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
 Flourish'd in air ; low-bending plies around
 His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
 Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untry'd,
 'Till conscious of the recent stains, his heart
 Beats quick ; his snuffing nose, his active tail
 Attest his joy ; then with deep op'ning mouth
 That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
 Th' audacious felon ; foot by foot he marks
 His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
 Applaud his reas'nings, o'er the wat'ry ford,
 Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
 O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
 Unerring he pursues ; 'till at the cot
 Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
 The catif vile, redeems the captive prey :
 So exquisitely delicate his sense !

Shou'd some more curious sportsman here enquire,
 Whence this sagacity, the wond'rous pow'r,
 Of tracing step by step, or man or brute?
 What guide invisible points out their way,
 O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
 The courteous muse shall the dark cause reveal.
 The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
 In many a crimson tide, then here and there
 In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
 Propell'd, the serous particles evade
 Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
 Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
 And hang upon the gently purling brook,
 There by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd.
 The panting chace grows warmer as he flies,
 And thro' the net-work of the skin perspires;
 Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by
 The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
 By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarefy'd
 By the meridian sun's intenser heat.
 To ev'ry shrub the warm effluvia cling,
 Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies:
 With nostrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
 The vig'rous hounds pursue, with ev'ry breath
 Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
 Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
 And in triumphant melody confess
 The titillating joy. Thus on the air
 Depend the Hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
 At eve forebode a blust'ring stormy day.
 Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
 When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
 Of the dry parching east, menace the trees

With

With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
 Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
 Low sinking at their ease ; listless they shrink
 Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
 Tho' oft invoc'd ; or haply if they call
 Rouze up the slumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes
 Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
 Inverted ; high on their bent backs erect
 Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
 Of ranker weeds, each stomach healing plant
 Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
 These inauspicious days, on other cares
 Employ thy precious hours, th' improving friend
 With open arms embrace, and from his lips
 Glean science season'd with good-natur'd wit.
 But if th' inclement skies, and angry *Jove*
 Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
 Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
 Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old :
 Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead ;
 With great examples of old *Greece* or *Rome*
 Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind heav'n,
 That *Britain* yet enjoys dear liberty,
 That balm of life, that sweetest blessing cheap
 Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
 Credit thy calling. See ! how mean, how low,
 The bookless saunt'ring youth, proud of the skut
 That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
 And rusty couples jinging by his side.
 Be thou of other mould, and know that such
 Transporting pleasures, were by heav'n ordain'd
 Wisdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roe-buck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chace. Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian Princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short re-proof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive sage
T' observe that instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimicks reason's lore
And oft transcends : Heav'n-taught the roe-buck swift
Loiters at ease before the driving pack,
And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he flies
But checks his ardour, 'till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued ; strain'd to excess each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew fails ; they pant they foam ;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To chuse her soft abode : with step revers'd

She

She forms the doubling maze ; then ere the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wand'ring shepherds on th' *Arabian* plains
No settled residence observe but shift
Their moving camp ; now, on some cooler hill
With cedars crown'd court the refreshing breeze ;
And then, below where trickling streams distill
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks. So the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Shou'd mark their haunts, and by dark treach'rous wiles
Plot their destruction ; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary, and close they fit.
When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood : When summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young :
But when autumnal torrents, and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert ; yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd
In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves : Thus changing still
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But ev'ry season carefully observ'd.
Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
Th' wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
His subtile, various game, nor waste in vain
His tedious hours, 'till his impatient hounds

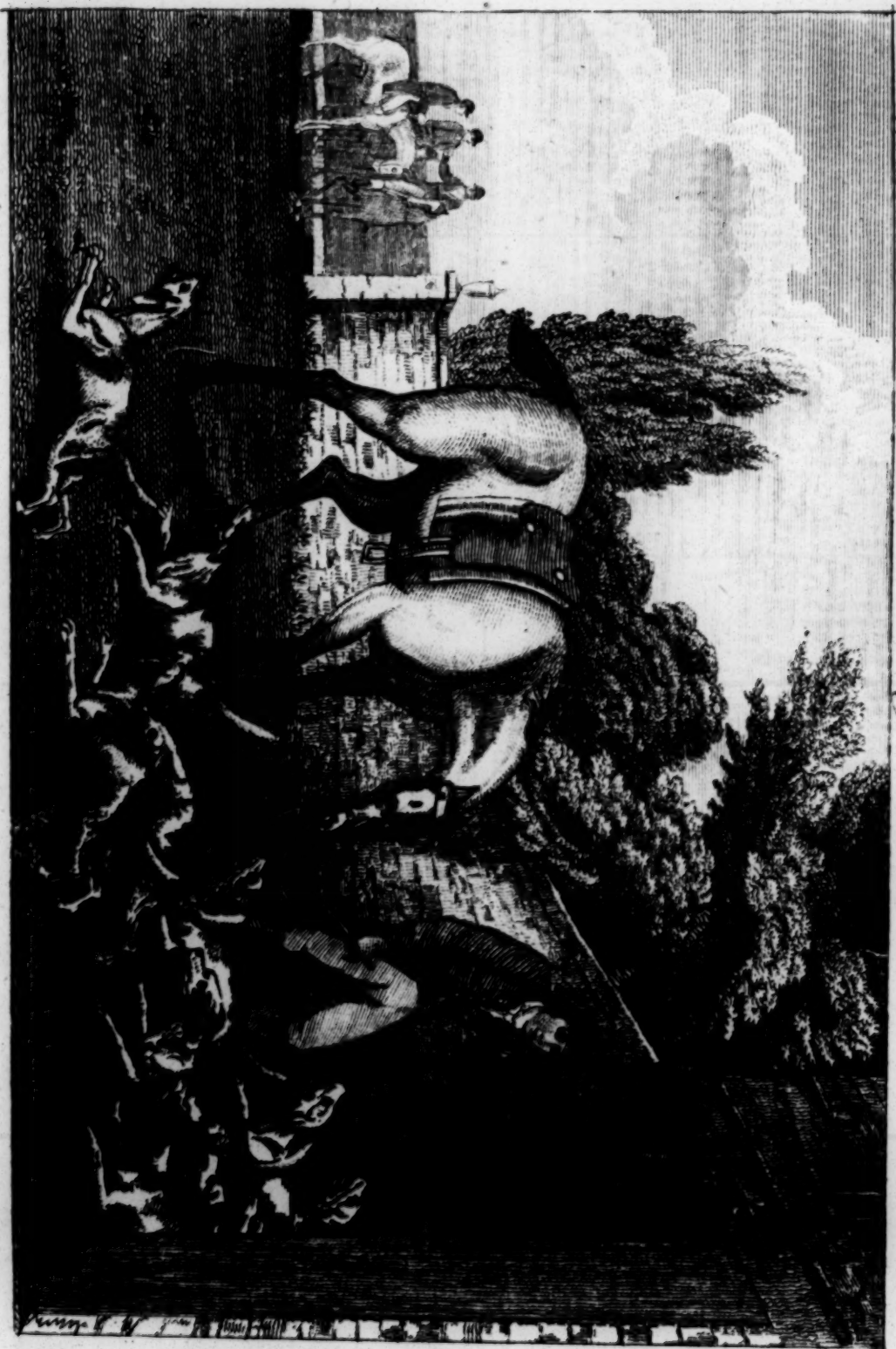
With

With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties show's; the fields are shorn,
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stor'd,
And groaning saddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears overflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and hollows loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, some kind pow'r invisible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal,
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud *Elean* fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a *Theban* lyre not wanting here,
And *Pindar's* voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces thro' the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair *Cotswold*, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs,
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle dawn! mild blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoyc'd I see thy purple mantle spread

O'er





O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
 And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
 Farewel, *Cleora*, here, deep sunk in down,
 Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
 'Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
 Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
 The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
 Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
 The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
 Their mattins chant, nor brook my long delay :
 My courser hears their voice ; see there with ears
 And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground !
 Fierce rapture kindles in his red'ning eyes,
 And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys
 Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns
 Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
 If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
 The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
 But give a loose to all their frolick play.
 So from the kennel rush the joyous pack ;
 A thousand wanton gaieties express
 Their inward extasy, their pleasing sport
 Once more indulg'd and liberty restor'd.
 The rising sun that o'er th' horizon peeps,
 As many colours from their glossy skins
 Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
 When *April* show'rs descend. Delightful scene !
 Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
 And in each smiling countenance appears
 Fresh blooming-health and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on ! behind the clust'ring pack
 Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
 Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey :

D

Spare

Spare not the straggling cur, that wildly roves,
 But let thy brisk assistant on his back
 Imprint thy just resentments, let each lash
 Bite to the quick, 'till howling he return
 And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where nature kind,
 With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes ;
 Where flow'rs autumnal spring, and the rank mead
 Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repast,
 Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread
 And range around and dash the glitt'ring dew.
 If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,
 Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe
 Attend his call, then with one mutual cry,
 The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
 Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they tread
 The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along !
 But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
 Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
 How leisurely they work, and many a pause
 Th' harmonious consort breaks 'till more assur'd
 With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
 What artful labyrinths perplex their way !
 Ah ! there she lies; how close ! she pants, she doubts
 If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
 With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings
 Around her head, of the same russet hue
 Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
 With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
 At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,
 No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
 Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
 Untractable,



Hare Hunting Plate. 3^d.



FINDING THE HARE

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Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
 Now gently put her off; see how direct
 To her known *Mues* she flies! here, huntsman, bring
 (But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
 And calmly lead them in. How low they stoop,
 And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
 With greedy Nostrils snuff the fuming steam
 That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let loose
 From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god,
 They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
 Hope gives them wings, while she's spur'd on by fear.
 The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods
 In the full consort join. Now my brave youths,
 Stripp'd for the chace, give all your souls to joy!
 See how their courfers, than the mountain roe
 More fleet the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
 Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print
 The grass unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd
 They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
 O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
 The thorny-twining hedge: The riders bend
 O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands, by turns
 Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
 Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
 Vexations, sickness, cares? All are gone,
 And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman! her gate observe, if in wide rings
 She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
 Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.
 But if she fly, and with the fav'ring wind
 Urge her bold course; less intricate thy talk:
 Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch
 The frighted chace leaves her late dear abodes,

O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
 Ah! never to return! for greedy death
 Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where those tow'ring oaks
 Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
 What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale
 Upon our ravish'd ears! the hunters shout,
 The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,
 The pack wide-op'ning load the trembling air
 With various melody; from tree to tree
 The propagated cry, redoubling bounds,
 And winged zephirs waft the floating joy
 Thro' all the regions near; afflictive birch
 No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
 Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call.
 The weary traveller forgets his road,
 And climbs th' adjacent hill; the plowman leaves
 Th' unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
 Are now the shepherd's joy; men, boys, and girls
 Desert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
 Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.
 Look, how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
 Slips glancing by; while at the further end,
 The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile
 Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound
 Slyly she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
 And in that very track, so lately stain'd
 By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
 The foes she flies. Let cavillers deny
 That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
 'Tis heav'n directs, and stratagems inspires,
 Beyond the short extent of human thought.
 But hold—I see her from the covert break;

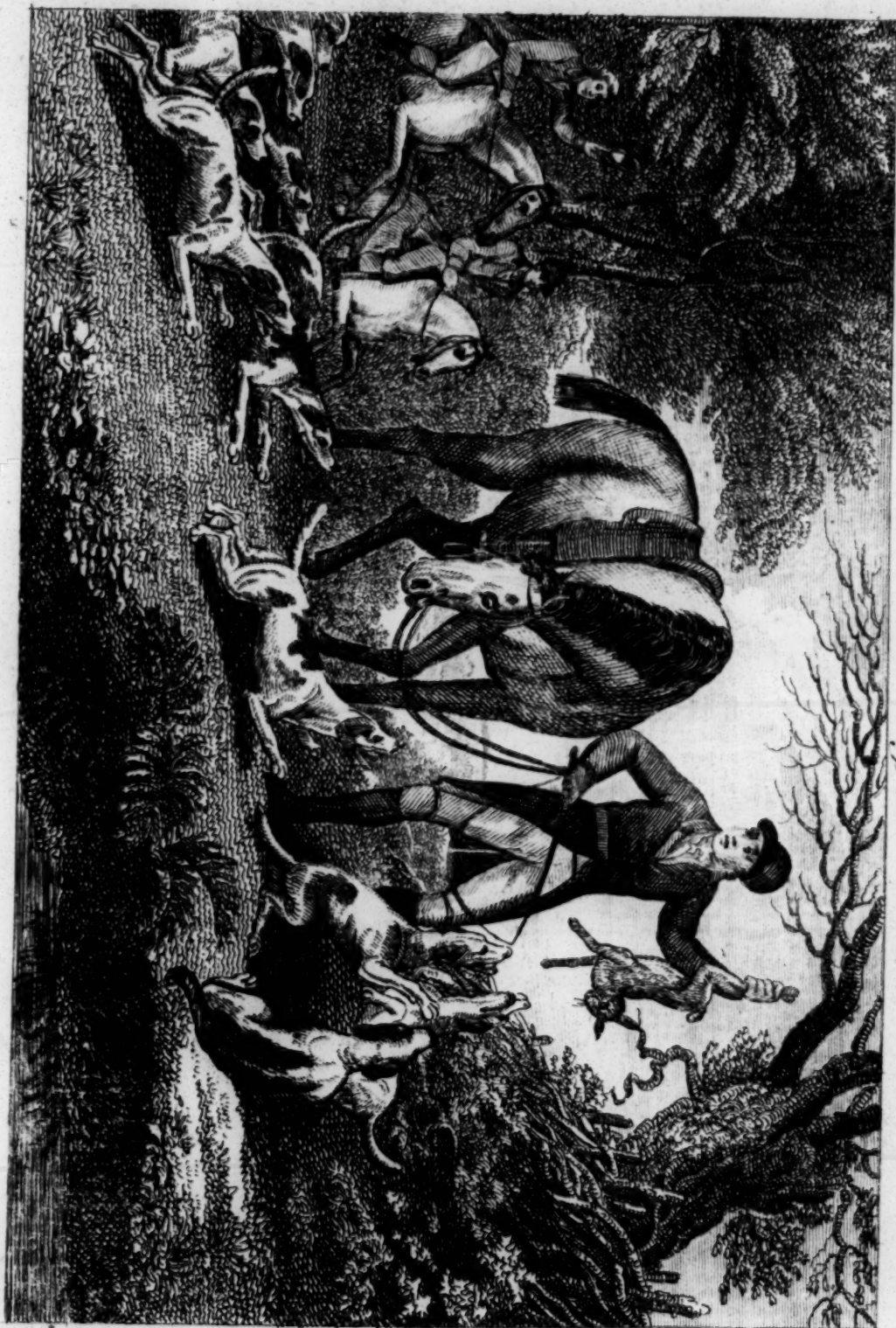
Sad

Sad on yon little eminence she sits ;
 Intent she listens with one ear erect,
 Pond'ring, and doubtful what new course to take,
 And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,
 That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
 Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
 As now in louder peals, the loaded winds
 Bring on the gath'ring storm, her fears prevail ;
 And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
 Away she flies ; nor ships with wind and tide,
 And all their canvas wings scud half so fast.
 Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
 And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
 In pleasing hurry and confusion tost ;
 Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
 Hang on the scent unwearied, up they climb,
 And ardent we pursue ; our lab'ring steeds
 We press, we gore ; till once the summit gain'd,
 Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile ;
 Then like a foaming torrent pouring down,
 Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
 Happy the man, who with unrival'd speed
 Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
 The struggling pack ; how in the rapid course
 Alternate they preside, and jostling push
 To guide the dubious scent ; how giddy youth
 Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd ;
 How niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
 Hangs in the rear, 'till some important point
 Rouse all his diligence, or till the chace
 Sinking he finds ; then to the head he springs
 With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
 Huntsman, take heed ; they stop in full career :
 Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have

Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,
 How busily he works but dare not trust
 His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring.
 Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells
 Sally'd a while at once their peal renew,
 And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
 See, how they tofs, with animated rage
 Recov'ring all they lost!—That eager haste
 Some doubling wile foreshews.—Ah! yet once more
 They're check'd,—hold back with speed—on either hand
 They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis right,
 Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
 Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chace
 Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
 From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
 Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
 With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes,
 She reels along, and by her gate betrays
 Her inward weakness. See how black she looks!
 The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce leaves
 A languid scent. And now in open view
 See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts
 His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.
 How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
 And yet a moment lives; 'till round inclos'd
 By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
 She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
 So when the furious *Bacchanals* assail'd
Thracian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
 Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and *Hebrus'* banks,
 Return'd their clam'rous rage; distress'd he flies,
 Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain:
 For eager they pursue, 'till panting, faint,

By

Hunt Hunting Plate. 6th



THE DEATH.



V
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N

By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, she sinks,
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails, and yet quiv'ring heart :
These claim the pack the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies,
A mangled corse ; in her dim gleaming eyes
Cold death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay ; or at their master's foot,
Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack
The comfort swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur of the chase ;
Hear what the muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of *Gemna*, *Indian* stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind ?
Why neighs the warrior horse ? from tent to tent,
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude ?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain ?
Nor *Visapour* nor *Golconda* rebel ;
Nor the great *Sophy*, with his num'rous host

Lays

Lays waste the provinces ; nor glory fires
 To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name
 And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
 Calls *Aurengzebe* to arms. No cities sack'd,
 No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
 No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
 Shall sting the conscious victor : But mankind
 Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
 He draws his vengeful sword ; on beasts of prey
 Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes !
 Imperial *Delhi*, op'ning wide her gates,
 Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
 And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
 Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
 And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
 Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
 Sits the great chief of *Tamur's* glorious race :
 Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze
 Of gems and gold. *Omrahs* about him crowd,
 And rein th' *Arabian* steed, and watch his nod :
 And potent *Rajabs*, who themselves preside
 O'er realms of wide extent ; but here submit
 Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
 Next these with prying eunuchs girt around,
 The fair sultanas of his court ; a troop
 Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
 From each intrusive eye ; one look is death.
 Ah cruel *Eastern* law ! (had kings a pow'r
 But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
 To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray,
 Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
 Slaves and artificers ; and *Delhi* mourns
 Her empty and depopulated streets.

Now

Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review,
 Thro' groves of spears, from file to file, he darts
 His sharp experinced eye; their order marks,
 Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
 'Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
 Nor greater multitudes in arms appear'd;
 On these extended plains, when *Ammon's* son
 With mighty *Porus* in dread battle join'd,
 The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host
 More numerous of old, which the great * King
 Pour'd out in *Greece* from all th' unpeopled east;
 That bridg'd the *Hellepont* from shore to shore,
 And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
 The busy hunter-train mark out the ground;
 A wide circumference; full many a league
 In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
 Large provinces; enough to gratify
 Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
 Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
 The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.
 He from the throne high-eminent presides,
 Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
 From ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,
 And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
 His irreversible decrees, from which
 To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands
 Each to his station leads; encamping round,
 'Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
 Where decent order reigns, what these command
 Those execute with speed, and punctual care;
 In all the strictest discipline of war:
 As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,

E

Hung

Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high resolve,
 That flies on wings, thro' all th' encircling line,
 Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
 So by the sun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
 The planets in their spheres roll round his orb,
 On all he shines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
 The signal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
 Now, high in air, th' imperial standard waves,
 Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glitt'ring gems ;
 And like a sheet of fire, thro' the dun gloom
 Streaming meteorous. The soldier shouts,
 And all the brazen instruments of war,
 With mutual clamour, and united din,
 Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp,
 They catch the varied sounds, floating in air.
 Round all the wide circumference, tygers fell
 Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
 The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
 Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
 Onward they march embattled, to the sound
 Of martial harmony ; fifes, cornets, drums,
 That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
 Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
 Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
 Inquisitive ; strong dogs that match in fight
 The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
 A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd they drive
 From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
 The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
 Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires
 Gleam from the mountain tops ; the forest seems
 One mingling blaze : Like flocks of sheep they fly
 Before

Before the flaming brand : fierce lions, pards,
 Boars, tygers, bears, and wolves ; a dreadful crew
 Of grim blood-thirsty foes : growling along,
 They stalk indignant ; but fierce vengeance still
 Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
 Present immediate death. Soon as the night
 Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chace,
 They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
 The circling camp. The guards are placed and fires
 At proper distances ascending rise,
 And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light,
 So round some island's shore of large extent,
 Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
 The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
 Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
 Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
 What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
 Disturb those peaceful shades ! where erst the bird
 That glads the night, had chear'd the list'ning groves
 With sweet complainings. Thro' the silent gloom
 Oft they the guards assail ; as oft repell'd
 They fly reluctant, with hot boiling rage
 Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
 Thus day by day, they still the chace renew ;
 At night encamp ; 'till now in straighter bounds
 The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
 The wall that hems them in on ev'ry side.
 And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean ;
 From man they turn and point their ill-judg'd rage
 Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
 The civil war begins ; grappling they tear,
 Lions on tygers prey, and bears on wolves :
 Horrible discord ! 'till the crowd behind
 Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.

At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb
 The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
 Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of man,
 Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
 So abject is a tyrant in distress.

At last within the narrow plain confin'd;
 A list'd field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
 An amphitheatre more glorious far,
 Than ancient *Rome* could boast, they crowd in heaps,
 Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
 Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
 Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
 Early resolv'd t' assert their royal race,
 And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
 Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
 Its curling shade. On bold *Arabian* steeds
 With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
 The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
 Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
 Stretching along the greedy tyger leave
 Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
 With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
 Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
 He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd
 Would lose his own. The mighty *Aurengzebe*,
 From his high-elevated throne beholds
 His blooming race; revolving in his mind
 What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
 When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
 Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
 Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
 Of eager hosts, thro' all the circling line,
 And the wild howlings of the beasts within

Rend

Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows, wing'd
 With death, and javelins launched from ev'ry arm;
 Gall fore the brutal bands, with many a wound
 Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
 When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
 Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
 Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
 They rush implacable. They their broad shields
 Quick interpose; on each devoted head
 Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of *Jove*,
 Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
 The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
 Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
 The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
 Thro' their tough hides; or at their gaping mouths
 An easier passage find. The king of brutes
 In broken roarings breaths his last; the bear
 Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
 Tho' sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
 Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
 The battle bleeds, grim slaughter strides along,
 Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey:
 Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of ev'ry kind,
 A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
 And heaps on heaps amass'd; what yet remain
 Alive, with vain assault contend to break
 Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
 Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
 The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
 Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
 And now perchance (had heav'n but pleas'd) the work
 Of death had been complete; and *Aurengzebe*
 By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race.
 When lo! the bright sultanas of his court

Appear,

Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms, but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny,
When suppliant beauty begs? At his command
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
Away they fly, on wings of fear up-borne,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of pow'r, 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd : here quench your thirst of blood ;
But learn from *Aurengzebe* to spare mankind.

BOOK

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of King Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves heads upon the Kings of Wales: From hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts. Censure of an over-numerous pack. Of the several engines to destroy foxes, and other wild beasts.—The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it. Description of the pit-fall for the lion; and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tyger with a mirror. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Description of the royal stag-chace at Windfor forest: concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

IN *Albion's* isle when glorious *Edgar* reign'd
He, wisely provident from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her forests, and with num'rous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of *British* monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and *Norwegian*, at a distance gaz'd,
And disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd; and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
His Royal cares; wise, potent, gracious prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks.
Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,

In

In full account, 'till the woods yield no more,
 And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.
 In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd
 The social troops; and soon their large increase
 With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
 But yet alas! the wily fox remain'd,
 A subtle, pilf'ring foe prowling around
 In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
 In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
 Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
 Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
 Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dun night
 Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
 While in the adjacent bush, poor *Philomel*,
 Herself a parent once, 'till wanton churls
 Despoil'd her nest, joins in her loud lament's,
 With sweetest notes, and more melodious woe.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare
 Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
 To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
 To just disgrace! ere yet the morning peep,
 Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
 With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
 And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
 Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze
 With silence lead thy many colour'd hounds,
 In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
 Dispers'd, how busily this way and that,
 They cross examining with curious nose
 Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
 Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
 More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry mouth.
 As straggling armies at the trumpet's voice,

Press



DRAWING COVER



Press to their standard ; hither all repair,
 And hurry thro' the woods ; with hasty step
 Rustling, and full of hope ; now driv'n on heaps
 They push, they strive ; while from his kennel sneaks
 The conscious villain. See ! he skulks along,
 Slick at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
 Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
 Tho' high his brush he bear, tho' tipt with white
 It gayly shine ; yet ere the sun declin'd
 Recal the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
 Shall rue his fate revers'd ; and at his heels
 Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
 His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.

Heav'ns ! what melodious strains ! how beat our hearts
 Big with tumultuous joy ! the loaded gales
 Breathe harmony ; and as the tempest drives
 From wood to wood, thro' every dark recess
 The forest thunders, and the mountain shake.
 The chorus swells ; less various, and less sweet
 The trilling notes, when in those very groves,
 The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
 And ev'ry bush in consort joins ; or when
 The master's hand, in modulated air,
 Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
 Of music in one instrument combine,
 An universal minstrelsy. And now
 In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
 Impregnable, nor is the covert safe ;
 He pants for purer air. Hark ! what loud shouts
 Re-echo thro' the groves ! he breaks away,
 Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
 Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
 'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,

Now give a loose to the clean gen'rous steed ;
 Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur ;
 But in the madness of delight, forget
 Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
 And dangerous our course ; but in the brave
 True courage never fails. In vain the stream
 In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch
 Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
 Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
 And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain ;
 But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
 To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
 By the swift motion, flung we mount aloft.
 So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
 Adown the steepy wave ; then tofs'd on high
 Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

What lengths we pass ! where will the wand'ring chase
 Lead us bewilder'd ! smooth as swallows skim
 The new shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.
 See my brave pack ! how to the head they press,
 Justling in close array, then more diffuse
 Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
 The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
 Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
 Their figure oft they change and their loud clang
 From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
 The hunter-crew wide straggling o'er the plain !
 The panting courser now with trembling nerves
 Begins to-reel ; urg'd by the goring spur,
 Makes many a faint effort : he snorts, he foams ;
 The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
 With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view
 The strange confusion of the vale below,

Where



BREAKING COVER.



Where sow'r vexation reins : see yon poor jade,
 In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears,
 With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides ;
 He can no more : His stiff unpliant limbs
 Rooted in earth, unmov'd, and fix'd he stands,
 For ev'ry cruel curse returns a groan,
 And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
 Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
 His minion, and his daily care, well cloath'd,
 Well-fed with ev'ry nicer care ; no cost,
 No labour spar'd ; who when the flying chace
 Broke from the copse without a rival led
 The num'rous train ; Now a sad spectacle
 Of pride brought low, and humble insolence,
 Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.
 While these with loosen'd reins, and dangling heels,
 Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
 Their weights ; another in the treach'rous bog
 Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts
 Torment th' abandon'd crew ! old age laments
 His vigour spent : The tall, plump, brawny youth
 Curses his cumb'rous bulk ; and envies now
 The short pygmæan race, he whilom kenn'd
 With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
 Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman, from this height
 Observe yon birds of prey ; if I can judge,
 'Tis there the villain lurks ; they hover round
 And claim him as their own. Was I not right ?
 See ! there he creeps along ; his brush he drags,
 And sweeps the mire impure ; from his wide jaws
 His tongue unmoisten'd hangs ; symptoms too sure
 Of sudden death. Hah ! yet he flies, nor yields

To black despair. But one loss more, and all
 His wiles are vain. Hark ! thro' yon village now
 The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots
 And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
 Thro' ev'ry homestall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
 His midnight walks, panting forlorn, he flies ;
 Thro' ev'ry hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes
 Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
 In a superior stench to lose his own,
 But faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
 With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue,
 And now distressed no shelt'ring covert near
 Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
 Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
 Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
 The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
 Drag out their trembling prize ; and on his blood
 With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
 Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead :
 And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
 The farmer who beholds his mortal foe
 Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
 And grateful calls us to a short repast ;
 In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
 Our native product. And his good old mate
 With choicest viands, heaps the lib'ral board,
 To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must th' instructive muse (but with respect)
 Censure that num'rous pack, that crowd of state,
 With which the vain profusion of the great
 Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
 Pompous incumbrance ! A magnificence
 Useless, vexatious ! For the wily Fox,

Safe

In View.









THE DEATH.

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Safe in th' increafing number of his foes,
 Kens well the great advantage: Slinks behind
 And flyly creeps thro' the fame beaten track.
 And hunts them ftep by ftep; then views escap'd,
 With inward extafy, the panting throng
 In their own footfteps puzzled, foil'd, and loft.
 So when proud *Eastern* kings, fummmon to arms
 Their gawdy legions, from far diftant climes
 They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:
 But when the day of battle calls them forth
 To charge the well-train'd foe a band compact
 Of chofen veterans; they prefs blindly on,
 In heaps confus'd by their own weapons fall,
 A fmoaking carnage fcatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood deftroy:
 The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
 Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
 Fat with nocturnal fpoils. At clofe of day,
 With filence drags his trail; then from the ground
 Pares thin the clofe-graz'd turf, there with nice hand
 Covers the latent death, with curious fprings
 Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the thread
 Of man or beaft, unwarily fhall prefs
 The yielding furface. By th' indented fteel
 With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
 And ftruggles, but in vain; Yet oft 'tis known,
 When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
 Has fhar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
 Compounded for his life. But if perchance
 In the deep pit-fall plung'd, there's no efcape;
 But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air
 The jef of clowns, his reeking carcafe hangs,

Of

Of these are various kinds; not ev'n the king
 Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
 But by the wily *African* betray'd,
 Heedless of fate, within his gaping jaws
 Expires indignant. When the orient beam
 With blushes paints the dawn; and all the race
 Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, retire
 Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
 O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
 Of men and beasts; the painful forester
 Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
 With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
 Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
 And thickets intricate, trembling he views
 His footsteps in the sand; the dismal road
 And avenue to death. Hither he calls
 His watchful bands; and low into the ground
 A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
 Then in the midst a column high is rear'd.
 The butt of some fair tree; upon whose top
 A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam.
 And next a wall they build, with stones, and earth
 Encircling round, and hiding from all view
 The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
 Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow,
 And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
 Rouze up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
 Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
 His rav'nous paws with recent gore distain'd,
 The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
 Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
 The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
 The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
 The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd

Another's

Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
 Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
 To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
 Into the deep abyſs. Prostrate he lies
 Aſtunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
 Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,
 That lashes thy broad ſides, thy jaws beſmear'd
 With blood and offals crude, thy ſhaggy mane
 The terror of the woods, thy ſtately port,
 And bulk enormous, ſince by ſtratagem
 Thy ſtrength is foil'd? unequal is the ſtrife,
 When ſov'reign reaſon combats brutal rage.

On diſtant *Ethiopia's* ſun-burnt coaſts,
 The black inhabitants a pit-fall frame,
 But of a diſt'rent kind, and diſt'rent uſe.
 With ſlender poles the wide capacious mouth,
 And hurdles, ſlight they cloſe; o'er theſe is ſpread
 A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
 Smiling deluſive, and from ſtricteſt ſearch
 Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
 Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
 Of various kinds furcharg'd; the downy peach,
 The cluſt'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
 The fragrant orange. Soon as ev'ning grey
 Advances flow, beſprinkling all around
 With kind refreshing dews, the thirſty glebe,
 The ſtately elephant from the cloſe ſhade
 With ſtep majestic ſtrides eager to taſte
 The cooler breeze, that from the ſea-beat ſhore
 Delightful breaths, or in the limpid ſtream
 To leave his panting ſides; joyous he ſcents
 The rich repaſt, unweeting of the death

That

That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
 The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
 The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
 The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf
 Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beast
 Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
 So when dilated vapours, struggling heave
 Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
 Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
 Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd
 With all its tow'rs. Subtil, delusive man!
 How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
 Thy savage foes, a dull, unthinking race.
 Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard,
 Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
 The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
 Confides not: At convenient distance fix'd,
 A polish'd mirrour stops in full career
 The furious brute: He there his image views;
 Spots against spots with rage improving glow;
 Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
 Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
 Distends his op'ning paws; himself against
 Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd,
 The huntsman now secure, with fatal aim
 Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
 He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
 Thus man innum'rous engines forms, t' assail
 The savage kind: But most the docile horse,
 Swift and confederate with man, annoys
 His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
 The hunter's arts were vain, unskill'd to wage
 With the more active brutes, an equal war.

But

But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of winds secure.

Him the fierce *Arab* mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the desarts wild :
Where by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden course ; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd in the high-rolling waves of land
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horse's speed, out-fly the storm,
And scouring round make men and beasts their prey.
The grisly Boar is singled from his herd,
As large as that in *Erimanthian* woods,
A match for *Hercules*. Round him they fly
In circles wide ; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death unto his brawny sides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed
Haply too near approach ; or the loose earth
His footing fail ; the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies ; and at one side-long glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant ; then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed ; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears ; adown
His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font, and now at last
Stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious muse, intent
On antique tales ? while yet the royal stag

Unsung remains. Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades; where *Denham*, tuneful bard,
 Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads, with his song
 Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred shade,
 To gleam submit what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun that gilds with trembling rays
Windsor's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train
 Mount for the chace, nor views in all his course
 A scene so gay: heroick, noble youths,
 In arts, and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
 The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
 Delighted, and deserts her *Paphian* grove
 For our more favour'd shades: In proud parade
 These shine magnificent, and press around
 The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
 They smile superior; of external show
 Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
 A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
 With real splendors, far above the pomp
 Of eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.
 Like troops of Amazons, the female band
 Prance round their cars not in refulgent arms
 As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword,
 Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
 The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
 Lead on the splendid train. *Anna* more bright
 Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
 With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
 Fires ev'ry heart. He must be more than man,
 Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
 With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,

Insensibly

Insensibly subdued, and in soft chains
 Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids;
 Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
 Without the needless aid of high descent
 Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
 To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
 Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
 As op'ning lillies? on whom ev'ry eye
 With joy and admiration dwells. See, see,
 He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
 Is it *Adonis* for the chace array'd?
 Or *Britain's* second hope? Hail, blooming youth!
 May all your virtues with your years improve,
 'Till in consummate worth you shine the pride
 Of these our days, and to succeeding times
 A bright example. As his guard of mutes
 On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject
 And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
 Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
 And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
 Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
 While pass the glitt'ring court, and royal pair:
 So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
 Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
 But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,
 Let loose the gen'rous chorus; far around
 Joy spreads his wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
 His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
 And tosses high his beamy head, the copse
 Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
 He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
 Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
 G 2 With

With dreadful consort thunder in his rear.
 The woods reply, the hunter's chearing shouts
 Float thro' the glades, the wide forest rings.
 How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
 Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
 And such the harmonious din, the soldier deems
 The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
 Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each sex
 In the wild transport joins; luxuriant joy,
 And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
 On ev'ry brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
 How happy art thou man, when thou'rt no more
 Thy self! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
 In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
 Yield a short interval, and ease from pain.

See the swift coarser strains, his shining hoofs
 Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
 The dang'rous pit-fall fears, with tangling heath
 High overgrown? or who the quiv'ring bog
 Soft-yielding to the step? all now is plain,
 Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
 Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
 The forest opens to our wond'ring view:
 Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
 Lay waste the world; his the more glorious part
 To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
 Of war is hush'd, (as erst victorious *Rome*)
 T' employ his station'd legions in the works
 Of peace; to smoothe the rugged wilderness,
 To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
 Depending road, and to make gay the face
 Of nature, with th' embellishments of art.

How

How melts my beating heart ! as I behold
 Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
 Push on the gen'rous steed, that strokes along
 O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
 Nor falters in th' extended vale below ;
 Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
 And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks.
 While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,
 Direct their dubious course ; now chill'd with fear
 Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd
 O ! grant, indulgent heav'n, no rising storm
 May darken, with black wings, this glorious scene !
 Should some malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
 Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
 Betray'd to lawless love the *Tyrian* queen.
 For *Britain's* virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair ;
 Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
 In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown stag, thro' woods, bogs, roads, and
 Has measur'd half the forest ; but alas ! [streams
 He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
 Tho' far he cast the lingering pack behind,
 His haggard fancy still with horror views
 The fell destroyer ; still the fatal cry
 Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
 So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
 In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
 The dying shrieks ; and the pale threat'ning ghost
 Moves as he moves, and as he flies pursues.
 See here his lot ; up yon green hill he climbs,
 Pants on its brow a while, sadly looks back
 On his pursuers, cov'ring all the plain ;

But

But wrung with anguish, bears not long the fight,
 Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale:
 There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
 Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
 His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted pow'r
 Was still rewarded with successful love.

But the base herd, have learn'd the ways of men,
 Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
 Chace him from thence: needless their impious deed,
 The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
 Black, and imboss; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
 Too well distinguish these, and never leave
 Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
 His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.

Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
 Skims o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew
 Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey
 And push him many a league. If haply then
 Too far escap'd and the gay courtly train
 Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip
 Stops full their bold career; passive they stand,
 Unmov'd, and humble, an obsequious crowd,
 As if by stern *Medusa* gaz'd to stones.

So at their gen'ral's voice whole armies halt
 In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
 Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
 Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
 With fresh recruited might. The stag, who hop'd
 His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
 The dreadful din; he shivers ev'ry limb,
 He starts, he bounds; each bush presents a foe.
 Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd;
 Breathless, and faint, he falters in his pace,

And

And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
 Sustain their load ; he pants, he sobs, appall'd ;
 Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
 His cumb'rous beams oppress'd. But if perchance
 Some prying eye surprize him ; soon he rears
 Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
 With ill-dissembling vigour to amuse
 The knowing forester ; who inly smiles
 At his weak shifts, and unavailing frauds.
 So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
 Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
 From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
 And bellow thro' the vales ; the moving storm
 Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
 And horns shrill warbling in each glade, prelude
 To his approaching fate. And now in view
 With hobbling gait, and high exerts amaz'd
 What strength is left ; to the last dregs of life
 Reduc'd, his spirits fail on ev'ry side
 Hemm'd in, besieg'd ; not the least op'ning left
 To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
 Where shall he turn ? or whither fly ? Despair
 Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to dye,
 He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
 And deals his deaths around ; beneath his feet
 These grovelling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
 Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah ! see distress'd
 He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
 That covers well his rear, his front presents
 An host of foes. O ! shun, ye noble train,
 The rude encounter, and believe your lives
 Your country's due alone. As now aloof
 They wing around, he finds his soul up-rais'd

To

To dare some great exploit ; he charges home
 Upon the broken pack, that on each side
 Fly diverse ; then as o'er the turf he strains,
 He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
 Urges his course with eager violence :
 Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
 Precipitant ; down the mid-stream he wafts
 Along, 'till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
 Into some winding creek) close to the verge
 Of a small island, for his weary feet
 Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
 His nose alone above the wave draws in
 The vital air ; all else beneath the flood
 Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye
 Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
 Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
 The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
 In equal time. The gliding waters leave
 No trace behind, and his contracted pores
 But sparingly perspire : The huntsman strains
 His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain :
 At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
 And exquisite of sense, winds him from far ;
 Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
 Loud-op'ning spends amain, and his wide throat
 Swells ev'ry note with joy ; then fairless dives
 Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
 Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
 Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
 The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd ;
 Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
 Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
 Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack ;

These

These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
 The slipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
 Engage, the stag repels each bold assault,
 Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
 As when some wily Corsair boards a ship
 Full-freighted, or from *Afric's* golden coasts,
 Or *India's* wealthy strand, his bloody crew
 Upon her deck he flings; these in the deep
 Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
 And clinging climb aloft; while those on board
 Urge on the work of fate; the master bold
 Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
 To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
 His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to dye.
 So fares it with the stag; So he resolves
 To plunge at once into the flood below,
 Himself, his foes in one deep gulph immers'd
 Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
 In wild disorder once more views the light;
 Beneath a weight of woe, he groans distress'd:
 The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
 He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
 His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
 Moves his great soul. Soon at high command
 Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack
 Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince! from thee, what may thy subjects hope;
 So kind and benevolent to brutes;
 O mercy, heav'nly born! sweet attribute!
 Thou great, thou best prerogative of Pow'r!
 Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
 On rocks of adamant it stands secure,

H

And

And braves the storm beneath ; foon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of the dog of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be rear'd. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb, and outrageous madness: it's dreadful effects. Burning the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

W HATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Dissolv'd; The various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail
Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish,
And god's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subservient to his will, and for him made.
As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
Shou'd he not kill, as erst the *Samian* sage
Taught unadvis'd, and *Indian* Brachmans now

As vainly preach ; the teeming rav'nous brutes
 Might fill the scanty space of his terrene,
 Incumb'ring all the globe : shou'd not his care
 Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,
 Man might once more on roots, and acorns feed,
 And thro' the desarts range, shiv'ring, forlorn,
 Quite destitute of ev'ry solace dear,
 And ev'ry smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
 With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
 And propagate their kind. As from the root
 Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
 New blooming honours to the parent-tree.
 Far shall his pack be fam'd, far fought his breed,
 And princes at their tables feast those hounds
 His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the sun thro' the bright ram has urg'd
 His steepy course, or mother earth unbound
 Her frozen bosom to the *western* gale ;
 When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,
 Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
 The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest ;
 Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
 That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
 Their pyebald mates enamour'd ; their red eyes
 Flash fires impure ; nor rest, nor food they take,
 Goaded by furious love. In sep'rate cells
 Confine them now lest bloody civil wars
 Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
 The growling rivals in dread battle join,
 And rude encounter. On *Scamander's* streams
 Heroes of old with far less fury fought,

For

For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
 Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds shall lie,
 Stretch'd on the ground ; thy kennel shall appear
 A field of blood : like some unhappy town
 In civil broils confus'd, while discord shakes
 Her bloody scourge aloft fierce parties rage,
 Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
 And still the best belov'd, and bravest fall :
 Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman ! these ills by timely prudent care
 Prevent : for ev'ry longing dame select
 Some happy paramour ; to him alone
 In leagues connubial join. Consider well
 His lineage ; what his fathers did of old,
 Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
 Or plunge into the deep, or tread the brake
 With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briars inwoven.
 Observe with care his shape, fort, colour, size.
 Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
 His inward habits : the vain babbler shun,
 Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
 His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
 With false alarms, and loud impertinence.
 Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
 Illusive from the pack ; to the next hedge
 Devious he strays, there ev'ry maze he tries,
 If haply then he cross the streaming scent,
 Away he flies vain glorious ; and exults
 As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
 And strength unrivall'd. Lo ! cast far behind
 His vex'd associates pant, and lab'ring strain
 To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach

Th'

Th' insulting boaster his false courage fails,
 Behind he lags, doomed to the fatal noose,
 His master's hate and scorn of all the field.
 What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood
 Of coward curs, a frantic vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
 With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink :
 Without *Lucina's* aid expect thy hopes
 Are amply crown'd ; short pangs produce to light
 The smoaking litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
 Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat,
 That plenteous streams soon as the tender dam
 Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
 The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
 Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
 Select with joy ; but to the merc'less flood
 Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
 Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
 Unwilling to destroy a nurse provide,
 And to the foster parent give the care
 Of thy superfluous brood ; she'll cherish kind
 The alien offspring ; pleas'd thou shalt behold
 Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolick now, and playful they desert
 Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
 With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chace,
 Courting around ; unto thy choicest friends
 Commit thy valu'd prize : The rustic dames
 Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
 Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
 Caress, and dignify their little charge
 With some great title and resounding name

Of high import. But cautious here observe
 To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
 The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
 Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
 Where dodging conies sport; his nerves unstrung,
 And strength unequal; the laborious chace
 Shall stint his growth, and his rash, forward youth
 Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
 And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd mature and bold,
 Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
 But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
 Select a few, and form them by degrees
 To stricter discipline. With these consort
 The staunch, and steady fages of thy pack,
 By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,
 And subtil doublings of the various chace.
 Easy the lesson of the youthful train,
 When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
 If the too forward younker at the head
 Prefs boldly on, in wanton sportive mood,
 Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
 The rural whip. But if he stoop behind
 In wary modest guise, to his own nose
 Confiding sure; give him full scope to work
 His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
 His patience, and his care; soon shalt thou view
 The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
 And all the list'ning pack attend his call.

Oft lead him forth where wanton lambkins play,
 And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
 Their tender care. If at the crowding flock

He

He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
 Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
 In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
 Tye fast the rash offender. See at first
 His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
 Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground:
 Then with his load fatigued shall turn a-head,
 And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
 The panting wretch; 'till breathless and astunn'd,
 Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
 The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides
 Lash after lash, and with thy threat'ning voice,
 Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
 His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves
 Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,
 Assail their dang'rous foe, than he once more
 Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
 This youth is train'd: as curious artists bend
 The taper, pliant twig; or potters form
 Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed; but to preserve
 Must be the huntsman's care. The staunch old hounds,
 Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
 Are yet of great account; shall oft untie
 The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand
 Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
 O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaister'd roads,
 O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd
 Rank scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
 As party chiefs in senates who preside,
 With pleaded reason and with well turn'd speech
 Conduct the staring multitude; so these

Direct

Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discov'ries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hov'ring o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to death's dark cave.
Short is their span; few at the date arrive
Of ancient *Argus*, in old *Homer's* song
So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute!
Not ev'n *Minerva's* wisdom cou'd conceal
Thy much lov'd master from thy nicer sense.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well-pleas'd.

Of lesser ills the muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low; of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care!
What prudence can prevent madness, the worst
Of maladies? terrific pest! that blasts
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
Thro' all the unpeopl'd kennel unrestrain'd.
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or than *Apulian* spider's pois'nous sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When *Sirius* reigns, and the sun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou,
Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,
Thy panting pack. If in dark sullen mood,
The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate: with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But this neglected soon expect a change,
 A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
 Or in some dark recess, the senseless brute
 Sits sadly pining: Deep melancholy,
 And black despair, upon his clouded brow
 Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning jaws,
 The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
 Distilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd
 Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
 Breathing perdition: His dim eyes are glaz'd,
 He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
 No more support his weight; abject he lies,
 Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till death at last
 Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
 A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes
 Redden with fury, like some angry boar
 Churning he foams; and on his back erect
 His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd
 He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
 The poison-tainted air; with rough hoarse voice
 Incessant bays; and snuffs th' infectious breeze;
 This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
 At his own shade; jealous, as if he deem'd
 The world his foes. If haply tow'rd the stream
 He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
 His soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
 Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
 Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.
 The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets
 Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.

If now perchance through the weak fence escap'd,
 Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
 Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man, nor beast
 He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,
 Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
 (Who haply now without the kennels mound
 Crops the rank mead, and list'ning hears with joy
 The chearing cry, that morn and eve salutes
 His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.
 Unhappy quadrupede ! no more, alas !
 Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
 Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
 Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
 Visits thy stall, well pleas'd ; no more shalt thou
 With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
 And the loud-op'ning pack in consort join'd,
 Glad his proud heart. For oh ! the secret wound
 Rankling inflames, he bites the ground and dies.

Hence to the village with pernicious haste
 Baleful he bends his course : The village flies
 Alarm'd ; the tender mother in her arms,
 Hugs close the trembling babe ; the doors are barr'd,
 And flying curs by native instinct taught,
 Shun the contagious bane ; the rustic bands
 Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
 Whate'er at hand they find ; clubs, forks or guns
 From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
 In wild disorder, and uncouth array :
 'Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and gor'd,
 At one short pois'nous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, muse, return and view,
 With heavy heart that hospital of woe ;

Where

Where horror stalks at large, insatiate death
 Sits growling o'er its prey: Each hour presents
 A diff'rent scene of ruin and distress.
 How busy art thou, fate! and how severe
 Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
 Promiscuous lye; o'er these the living fight
 In one eternal broil; not conscious why,
 Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups,
 Spare not their friends, while senseless squabbles reign.

Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
 The perilous debate. Ah! rouse up all
 Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
 With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
 As erst the Vestal flame; the pointed steel
 In the hot embers hide; and if surpriz'd
 Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
 Into the recent sore, and cauterize
 The wound; spare not thy flesh, nor dread th' event:
Vulcan can save, when *Æsculapius* fails.

Here, shou'd the knowing muse recount the means
 To stop this growing plague. And here, alas!
 Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts
 Infallibility, but boasts in vain.
 On this depend each to his sep'rate seat
 Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess
 Apart, his range in open air; and then
 If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear;
 Devote the wretch and let him greatly fall,
 A gen'rous victim for the public weal.

Sing, Philosophic muse, the dire effects
 Of this contagious bite on hapless man.

The

The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
 Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
 The bite impress'd, to the sea-coast repair.
 Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
 Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish
 The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
 The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.
 A fate more dismal, and superior ills
 Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon
 Closing her monthly round, returns again
 To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she shines
 High in the vault of heav'n; the lurking pest
 Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam
 Thro' the deep wound instill'd, with hostile rage,
 And all its fiery particles saline,
 Invades the arterial fluid; whose red waves
 Tempestuous heave, and their cohesion broke,
 Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
 And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
 Now the distended vessels scarce contain
 The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,
 Unable to resist: The tender brain,
 And stomach suffer most; convulsions shake
 His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
 Pinch sore the sleepless wretch; his flutt'ring pulse
 Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns
 His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
 Lament in vain; to hasty anger prone,
 Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
 And wildly stares; at last with boundless sway
 The tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog,
 (Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
 Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites
 Like

Like agitations in his boiling blood
 Present like species to his troubled mind;
 His nature, and his actions all canine.
 So (as old *Homer* sung) th' associates wild
 Of wand'ring *Ithacus*, by *Circe's* charms
 To swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the groves
 Dreadful example to a wicked world!
 See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with thirst,
 But dares not drink. 'Till now at last his soul
 Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
 And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial maid!
 Another element demands thy song.
 No more o'er craggy steeps, thro' coverts thick
 With pointed thorn and briars intricate,
 Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
 But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
 Where winding streams amid the flow'ry meads
 Perpetual glide along; and undermine
 The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
 Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
 Of the bright scaly kind; where they at will,
 On the green wat'ry reed their pasture graze,
 Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
 Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope,
 Its humid train, and leaves their dark abodes.
 Where rages not oppression? where, alas!
 Is innocence secure? rapine and spoil
 Haunt ev'n the lowest deep; seas have their sharks,
 Rivers and ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous pike;
 He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
 Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate

Deserv'd

Deserv'd ; but tyrants know no bounds ; nor spears
 That bristle on his back defend the perch
 From his wide greedy jaws ; nor burnish'd mail
 The yellow carp, nor all his arts can save
 Th' insinuating eel that hides his head
 Beneath the slimy mud ; nor yet escapes
 The crimson spott'd trout, the river's pride,
 And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
 This mid-night pillager ranging around,
 Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
 Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
 The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
 The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
 In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

The subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
 Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
 The deep still pool ; within some hollow trunk
 Contrives his wicker couch : Whence he surveys
 His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
 The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
 Dispute the felon's claim ; try ev'ry root,
 And ev'ry reedy bank ; encourage all
 The busy-spreading pack, that fearless plunge
 Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
 Bid rocks, and caves, and each resounding shore,
 Proclaim your bold defiance ; loudly raise
 Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
 The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
 See there his seal impress'd ! and on that bank
 Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half-eaten fish,
 Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
 Ah ! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more

His

His seal I view. O'er yon dark rushy marsh
 The fly goose-footed proler bends his course,
 And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
 Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.
 Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
 The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye *Naiads* fair, who o'er these floods preside,
 Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
 And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
 Float with the stream; and ev'ry winding creek
 And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
 Nods pendant; still improve from shore to shore
 Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
 What clamour loud! what gay heart-cheering sounds
 Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way!
 Not choirs of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
 The dancing billows; when proud *Neptune* rides
 In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
 They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blide
 Rank scenting clings! see! how the morning dews
 They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
 Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
 Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
 They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools
 Rustling they work their way: No hold escapes
 Their curious search. With quick sensation now
 The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
 And joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry mouth,
 In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
 That with its hoary head incurv'd, salutes
 The passing wave must be the tyrant's fort,
 And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
 While others at the root incessant bay:

They

They put him down. See, there he dives along !
 Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
 Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
 Into the shelt'ring deeps. Ah, there he vents !
 The packs plunge headlong, and protended spears
 Menace destruction. While the troubled surge
 Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
 Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
 And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents !
 See that bold hound has seiz'd him ; down they sink,
 Together lost : But soon shall he repent
 His rash assault. See ! there escap'd, he flies
 Half drown'd, and clambers up the slipp'ry bank
 With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
 Whether by nature form'd or by long use,
 This artful diver best can bear the want
 Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
 Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
 He lives not long ; but respiration needs
 At proper intervals. Again he vents ;
 Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
 His neck ; the crimson waves confess the wound.
 Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest.
 Where'er he flies ; with him it sinks beneath,
 With him it mounts ; sure guide to ev'ry foe.
 Inly he groans, nor can his tender wound
 Bear the cold stream. Lo ! to yon sedgy bank
 He creeps disconsolate ; his num'rous foes
 Surround him, hounds, and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
 On pointed spears they lift him high in air ;
 Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain :
 Bid the loud horns, in gaily warbling streams,
 Proclaim the felon's fate ; he dies, he dies.

K

Rejoice,

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance
 Above the wave, in sign of liberty
 Restor'd ; the cruel tyrant is no more :
 Rejoice secure and blest'd ; did not as yet
 Remain some of your own rapacious kind ;
 And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy ! if ye knew your happy state,
 Ye rangers of the fields ; whom nature boon
 Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
 Conspires to bless. What if no heroes frown
 From marble pedestals ; nor *Raphael's* works,
 Nor *Titian's* lively tints, adorn our walls ?
 Yet these the meanest of us may behold ;
 And at another's cost, may feast at will
 Our wand'ring eyes ; what can the owner more ?
 But vain, alas ! is wealth not grac'd with pow'r.
 The flow'ry landskip, and the gilded dome,
 And vistas op'ning to the wearied eye,
 Thro' all his wide domain : the planted grove,
 The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir,
 Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
 Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
 Is harrow'd day and night ; he mourns, he pines,
 Until his prince's favour makes him great.
 See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes !
 The circles form'd, and all his fawning slaves
 Devoutly bow to earth ; from ev'ry mouth
 The nauseous flatt'ry flows, which he returns
 With promises, that die as soon as born.
 Vile intercourse ! where virtue has no place.
 Frown but the monarch ; all his glories fade ;
 He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
 The pageant of a day ; without one friend

To

To sooth his tortured mind ; all, all are fled.
 For tho' they bask'd in his meridian ray,
 The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

Not such our friends ; for here no dark design,
 No wicked int'rest bribes the venal heart ;
 But inclination to our bosoms leads
 And weds them there for life ; our social cups
 Smile, as we smile : open and unreserv'd,
 We speak our inmost souls ; good humour, mirth,
 Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
 Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.

O happiness sincere ! what wretch would groan
 Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
 Upon the slipp'ry pavements of the great,
 Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and secure ?

Ye guardian pow'rs who make mankind your care,
 Give me to know wide nature's hidden depths
 Grace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
 Th' expanded volume, and submit adore
 That great creative will, who at a word
 Spoke forth the wond'rous scene. But if my soul
 To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
 With less ambitious wing ; unskill'd to range
 From orb to orb, where *Newton* leads the way ;
 And view with piercing eyes, the grand machine,
 Worlds above worlds ! subservient to his voice,
 Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
 Gives light to all ; bids the great system move,
 And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
 Unmov'd unchang'd himself. Yet this at least
 Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,

Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
 Of wealth or honours ; but enough to raise
 My drooping friends, preventing modest want,
 That dares not ask. And if to crown my joys,
 Ye grant me health, that ruddy in my cheeks,
 Blooms in my life's decline ; fields, woods, and streams,
 Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
 Shall hear my chearing voice, my hounds shall wake
 The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

F I N I S:



**DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER
 TO PLACE THE CUTS.**

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✓ Sir William Rowley's Dog Kennel			Page 7.
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